EVANGELINE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN REA NEILL

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EVANGELINE
A TALE OF ACADIE

EVANGELINE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH DRAWINGS BY

JOHN R NEILL

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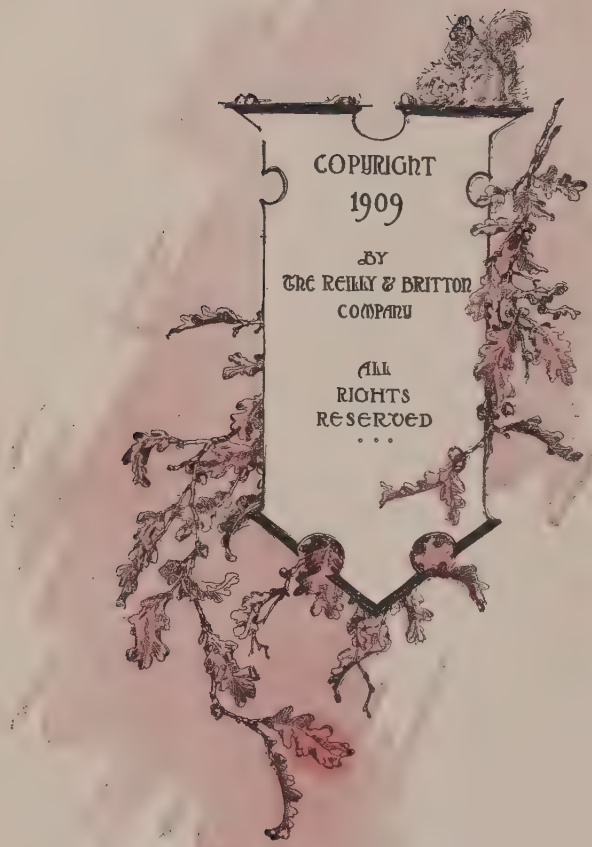
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AN HISTORICAL PREFACE

H. L. SAYLER

In so far as it is inspired by facts, Longfellow's Evangeline is based on the historic event known as the "expulsion of the Acadians" from Nova Scotia in 1755. In the extended, but somewhat monotonous history of Nova Scotia, this event occupies a prominent page.

The commonly repeated story of this forced exile is not always strictly in keeping with dry historic annals. On the contrary, the common tendency to color the sober facts of history has resulted in a modern version of the "exile" which, if not truly history, is an interesting and dramatic story. In this there is a pronounced tendency to look upon the Acadians as a simple, industrious, religious people of patient resignation and ingenuous faith who were ruthlessly and without the slightest justification torn from their happy firesides by the wanton English.

Conservative historians do not always agree with this verdict. It may not be true that the above picture has a reverse side, but it is certainly true that the episode may be examined from, at least, a different point of view.

Much might be said on both sides of the question but, since the historic merits of the poem are hardly under consideration, a discussion of this phase of the matter is hardly profitable. It is proper, however, to suggest this:

EVANGELINE

While the English may have gone beyond wisdom in deporting the Acadians, it is not fair to turn to the pages of "Evangeline" for the real facts of history. This beautiful poem has created a glamour of romance that hazes the forced departure of an unfortunate community as an autumn twilight glorifies the barren earth.

In this respect the poem is unmatched. Quite aside from its perfection of form and imagery, Evangeline herself created an atmosphere of romance that, after one hundred and fifty years seems even more permeating. Not even the cold winds of present-day criticism have sufficed to dissipate its colorful influence. To-day, both in Nova Scotia and in lower Louisiana, the legend of Evangeline and the "endless exile" is so real that one is almost justified in saying that its poesy has become secondary history.

To appreciate what this means one must realize that its significance is not purely literary. Apart from the effect of the legend on our letters is the measurable impress it has made on the physical life of two widely divergent and far separated sections of the continent. In both the Blue Nose country of Nova Scotia and in the Têche region of Louisiana, the returned Acadians and those who are yet on their "endless exile" have so long absorbed the legend of the poem that life itself has come at last to be saturated with its sentiment.

The descendants of the English victims of a century and a half ago can hardly have preserved any inherent

recollection of their wrongs. And one would probably look in vain among the uneducated Acadians of Minas Basin or the Têche country to-day for the slumbering sorrows of an exile. But, in even the humblest cabin in either land, one can always find a knowledge of the tragedy of the mythical Evangeline and, nearly as often, physical evidences of the influence of the poem.

From L'Abbé Casgrain's "Un Pelerinage au Pays d'Evangeline" to Charles Dudley Warner's "Baddeck," and so through countless magazine stories down to contemporary newspaper letters, the traveller's tribute to the beauties of the Acadian land in Nova Scotia have all conspired to vivify a place and a people with the tints of romance. The naïve simplicity of the Blue Nose has been preserved in literature, even if it has partly passed away in fact. In the more exotic Louisiana the "Cajun's" place in local history is even more marked. Here the legend of Evangeline not only exists but it is lived.

The significance of this influence of the poem is, therefore, plainly apparent. The statement would probably be resented by the educated Acadians of both Nova Scotia and Louisiana, and yet it is not impossible that it is to Longfellow's lines alone that we have now a distinct and easily recognizable class of people in each section. And anything that clearly characterizes a group of people above their fellows or perpetually influences their lives makes for history.

EVANGELINE

One cannot doubt that the imperishable story of William Tell has influenced in one way or another the prosaic facts of Swiss history. Similarly and wholly apart from its truth or falsity, the story of Evangeline and the Acadians has permeated the austere history of two countries. And, similarly, hundreds of thousands of people, both as readers and as travellers, have followed the lines of the poet along rock-bound St. Mary's Bay and the banks of the semi-tropic Têche—particular regions which, otherwise, might have demanded other inspirations to have given them places in history.

In both places names that were heard in the roll call at the church on the memorable Sunday when the fateful edict was pronounced are common enough—Robichaud, Le Blanc, Commeau, Doucet, Gaudet.

When, in time, the English permitted certain of the exiles to return again to Nova Scotia it was with conditions. They were apportioned land, in lieu of that confiscated, on St. Mary's Bay, an arm of the Bay of Fundy on the northern side of the peninsula. To-day this is the municipality of Claire, a settlement of almost continuous villages nearly forty miles long and constituting the western part of Digby county. The nearest port and city is Yarmouth.

This region is the "land of Evangeline" in Nova Scotia, and herein are to be found the descendants of Governor Lawrence's victims. As in Louisiana, those Acadians, still so called, have grafted upon their mother-

tongue a patois of their own. So far as known no writer of note has attempted to preserve the Nova Scotia idiom in literary form as Mr. Cable's "Bonaventure" typifies the present day tongue of the Louisiana "Cajun." It is fair to add, however, that the educated Acadians, and in Louisiana at least there are many notable examples of these, are far from speaking the patois of the lower classes.

To speak frankly, the Acadians, in both of their present homes, are not only uneducated but they have an aversion to widening themselves either intellectually or as a class. They are in the main an unambitious and unaspiring people and in this and in a tendency to intermarry may be discovered the powerful cause of their well preserved individuality.

In Nova Scotia it is notable that one of the characteristics of the descriptive portion of the poem is yet a feature of an Acadian settlement. The humblest home is often resplendent with color. The pointed eaves and gables glow in pink, green, yellow and even crimson. Travellers have discovered both lavender and bright green. The cabins of the "Cajuns" of the Têche are not so pretentious as the homes of the thriftier fishermen and lumbermen of the St. Mary's Bay, but the spotless cleanliness of both are remarkable. And in both the handicraft of the men and the women form the basis of the home.

Present day furniture manufacturers have sought in

vain to duplicate the soft whiteness of the hand-made tables and chairs of the Têche "Cajun," and the product of their looms is yet the wonder and admiration of those who love the artistic.

In Nova Scotia there are to-day perhaps 15,000 Acadians living between Yarmouth and Grand Pré. In Louisiana there are hardly as many. And it is among these few thousands of humble folk that we find the basis for the "exile without end, unexampled in history:" two distinctive communities unrelated, unconnected, separated by almost a continent, and both preserving in the environments of their simple existences the same isolated chapter in history.

One who has attempted to be impartial in an account of that event is Charles C. Smith of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He has written that no one will attempt to justify "one of the saddest episodes in modern history" and yet, he adds, "the genius of our great poet has thrown a somewhat false and distorted light over the character of the victims." Instead of being a peaceful, simple-hearted people, this historian believes they "were notably quarrelsome" and "to the last degree superstitious."

Opposed to this is the verdict of Professor Alcée Fortier of Tulane University and President of the Louisiana Historical Society. He believes, "It is impossible to justify the measure in any way" and adds

"If the harsh removal of the Acadians was justifiable, so is Bonaparte's massacre of the prisoners of Jaffa."

What has been described as "one of the saddest events in modern history" took place in 1755. Acadia, or Nova Scotia, since the founding of St. Croix in 1605 by the Frenchman Poutrincourt, had been the football of two nations. Its history had up to that period been a century-and-a-half record of monotonous conquests and losses. But through it all French colonists came and made it their home and remained more or less true to their King. Then followed their dramatic expulsion, and dry annals became an unforgettable tragedy.

Led by Governor Charles Lawrence, a force of 1800 English from New England captured Fort Beau Séjour. Then Fort Gaspereau surrendered. The way being clear Governor Lawrence determined to transport from the country every Frenchman who would not take an unqualified oath of allegiance to the English King. For his justification we may read the conclusion of Parkman: "The Acadians, though calling themselves neutrals, were an enemy encamped in the heart of the province."

The colonists adjacent to Beau Séjour, Annapolis, Fort Edward and Grand-Pré were called together, disarmed by stratagem, and made prisoners. The event at Grand-Pré is the scene depicted by Longfellow. At this settlement a proclamation ordered all the male colonists to appear at the village church on a Sunday

morning in October. Two hundred and ninety armed English soldiers awaited the four hundred and eighteen farmers who responded. These were then told that they were prisoners and that their property had been confiscated. Unarmed, resistance was impossible. They were put on board four ships for safe-keeping and a few days later their families were also embarked. From Grand-Pré 2510 persons were expelled, and by December over 6000 persons had been exiled from the colony. This constituted *le grand derangement* of history and the "endless exile" of romance and poetry.

Of these unfortunate people, who were distributed in hundreds among the British colonies along the Atlantic Coast, some in time returned to their old home. Others lost themselves among strangers of another race and a few found a lasting refuge in southwestern Louisiana. History acknowledges "that families were not always in the same ship" and that "many Evangelines never met their Gabriels again."

The present descendants of the exiles who found a new home in Louisiana are scattered throughout a country the limits of which are not very exactly defined. Morgan City is eighty miles west of New Orleans. Beyond that town the Têche country is generally the firm land between the gulf marshes on the south and the bayou on the north. (Weeks Island and Avery's Island on the Gulf shore are really parts of the mainland and of "Cajun" country.)

EVANGELINE

On the banks of the Têche one comes first to the town of Franklin, which, in spite of its patriotic name and an over-shadowing negro population, has a good many hints of the older days. Hereabouts the humble farmer is apt to be a "Cajun."

Twenty miles further up the bayou is New Iberia. In this town are citizens who are proud to be of Acadian descent. "Cajun" farmers are plentiful round about and more than one old *armoire* in the place is burdened with the homespun handiwork of Acadian looms.

It is another twenty-five miles along the bayou before St. Martinville is reached. Here the flavor of the older days is over all,—here the Evangeline legend lives. The sign of the cistern-maker is in French. In the unobtrusive church are parish records dating back to 1755; birth, death and marriage entries in French, Spanish and English.

Of the basis for the story of Evangeline's hopeless love and wanderings there is something to be said. So far as it may have been the result of legend it is, perhaps, to be traced to those of *le grand derangement* who made Louisiana their subsequent home. At the very mouth of the Têche, where it empties into the Atchafalaya, an "Evangeline" oak is pointed out. In the town of St. Martinville are more "Evangeline" trees. In the same town the site of the home of "Basil the Blacksmith" is located near an oak bearing his name. The village priest does not hesitate to say that he can no

longer show you "Evangeline's grave" because the rebuilding of the old Acadian church forty years ago extended a corner of it over the tomb. Weavers of homespun like to designate their products as "Evangeline" blankets or "Evangeline" portières, and buyers of antiques from New Orleans never fail to dub quaint desks and chairs "Evangeline." A few citizens will even point out the old plantation home where the poet was entertained when he visited this country.

In the story of the poem Gabriel Lajeunesse, separated from Evangeline, makes his way to Louisiana and the land of the Attakapas. After long inquiry the faithful Evangeline learns of this and with a few companions sets out to follow him by way of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Down the latter the little party floated until the mouth of the Bayou of Placquemine was reached. Entering this she rested, on the second night, amid "numberless sylvan islands, embowered with blossoming hedges of roses." Here, while Evangeline and her friends slept—"under the boughs of the Wachita willows"—Gabriel, who had at last been moved by the same spirit that had carried Evangeline to him, passed by on the other side of the island from Evangeline's camp, voyaging to the north in search of his sweetheart. Ignorant of this, Evangeline continued her journey the next day, and that evening reached and entered the mouth of the Têche—a three days' journey from the river which in reality often required many weeks. Here, near the

bank of the stream, "stood, secluded and still, the home of a herdsman, rose wreathed, vine encumbered, of broad and spacious verandas"—the home of Basil the Blacksmith. So far the Evangeline of poesy ascended the Têche.

Here Evangeline lingered but a day or two to learn the cruel truth and then, after only this step into the edge of the Têche land, she hastened back in pursuit of her lover.

The only known basis for this beautiful story is a real Evangeline legend as it exists to-day on the Têche. Although there is nothing to show that Longfellow was ever in Louisiana, his description of the Têche and the Atchafalaya Lakes was not builded altogether on fancy. There is reason to believe that his knowledge of the region came from a well known citizen of that State. There is even more reason to believe that he was told, at the same time, the story out of which came the poem itself; not the story as he told it, but the tale of the "Real Evangeline."

One of the honored names in Louisiana history is that of Alexander Mouton, governor of the state in 1842, and a United States senator subsequently. Governor Mouton was an Acadian, born in the Têche country. While in the East he met and became the intimate friend of Longfellow. Governor Mouton's grandmother, an exile herself, had come to Louisiana. Out of her participation in the Nova Scotia tragedy came the tale that

Senator Mouton is said to have given the poet along with his account of the natural beauties of the "green Opelousas" in this "Eden of Louisiana."

The fact that the poem differs widely from the legend as it is handed down in the Mouton family is not significant. A variation of the tale may have suited the poet, just as the essence of the topography of the country sufficed him. The details of the story, as told by Senator Mouton's grandmother, were altered to suit the demands of a fresh conception, just as the poet failed to reconcile the dates and distances in writing of a land he had never seen.

If the family legend, which is well enough known in the town of New Iberia, was really the inspiration of Evangeline, it is a curious literary fact. Perhaps the good priest in the near-by St. Martinville—the St. Martin of the poem and the old Porte de Attakapas of that century old day—has reference to the Evangeline of Senator Mouton's family when he tells of the grave beneath the walls of his church. If he does, the grave confirms the tale and makes doubly sure that which no one has a right to question.

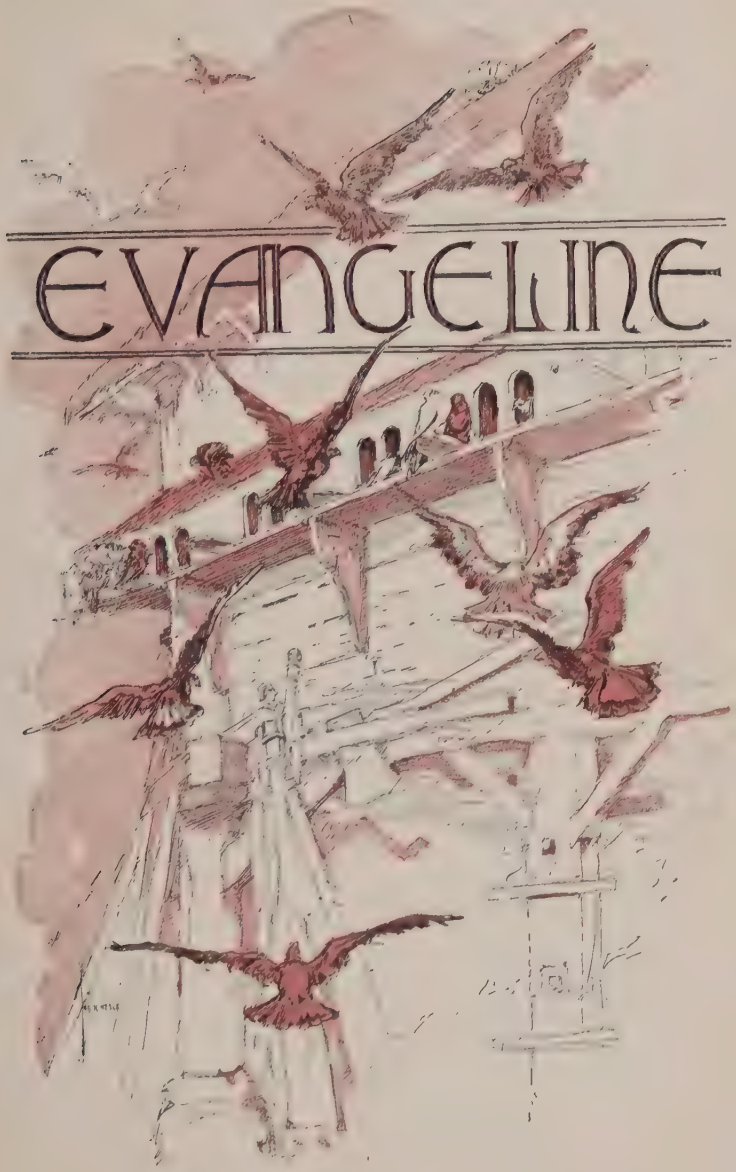
Senator Mouton's great-great-grandfather was a Robichaud, and one of those who suffered at the hands of the English. His unmarried daughter, after being carried to Baltimore in an English vessel, with many others went to Louisiana by way of the Carolinas and Georgia. This resolute woman married a man of the

name of Bordea, and from her three daughters came three families whose names are easily enough traced in the parish registers of Iberia and St. Mary's when they are not found in the records of Louisiana history.

According to the descendants of Madame Bordea the Evangeline who lived in the flesh was Emmeline Le Bîche, an orphan in Acadia, who had been adopted by the ancestors of the Bordeas. At the time of the expulsion Emmeline was sixteen years old and betrothed to Louis Arsenaux of the Acadian village of St. Gabriel. Separated from her lover, as was Evangeline, the young woman made the long journey to Louisiana. On this pilgrimage, because of her sweetness, her sadness, and her patient resignation, she came to be known as "Evangeline, or God's little angel."

The last stage of the journey was by boat. When it landed at the Porte de Attakapas—now St. Martinville —those exiles who had preceded the voyagers congregated to welcome the new exiles. Among those waiting was Emmeline's lover, Louis Arsenaux. The girl flew to his side only to find him pale and stammering. "I am unworthy of you," runs the family legend. "I can love you no longer. I am pledged to another." From that time Emmeline, her heart broken by the shock, was hopelessly insane. "And she sleeps," as the poet was told, "in her quiet grave by the tall oak near the little church at the Porte de Attakapas."

The venerable oak tree is yet pointed out, the old church yet calls "Cajun" and planter alike to Mass, and it is not impossible that it is to this fleeting narrative of the Real Evangeline we must be thankful for the undying story of the Evangeline of poesy.


EVANGELINE

EVANGELINE

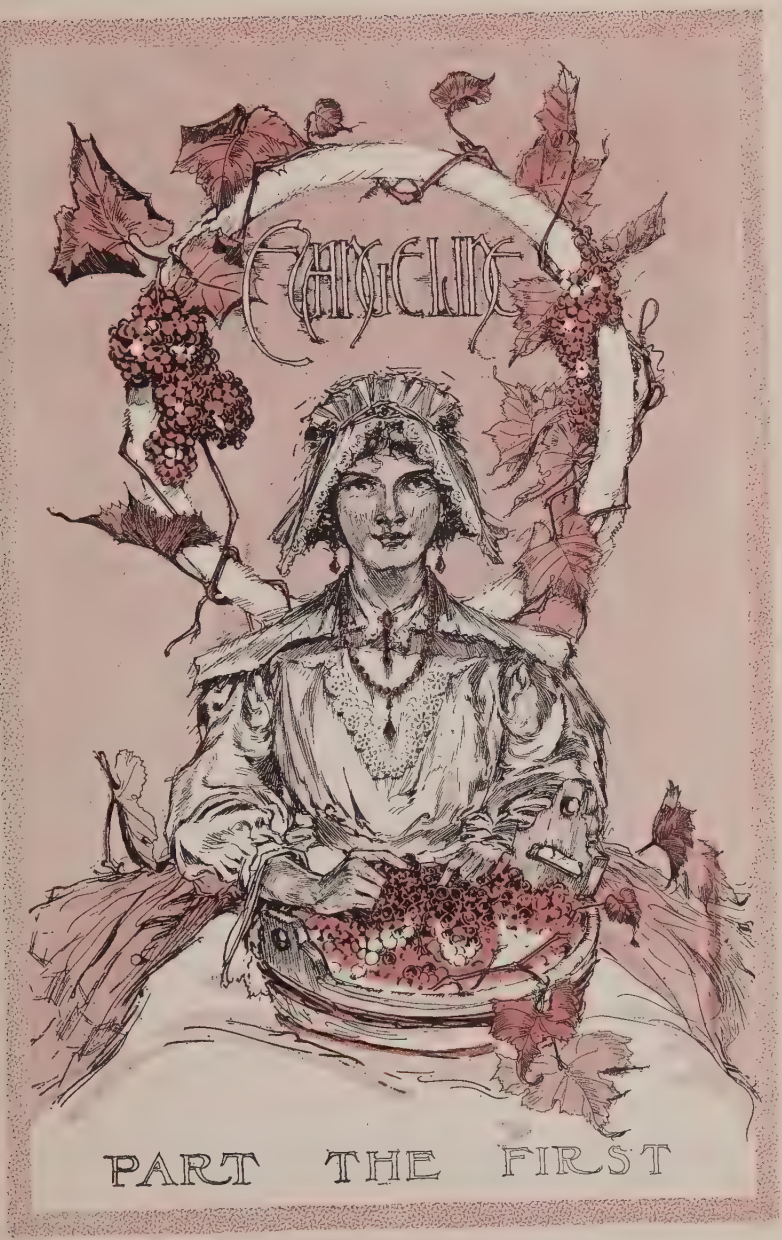
PRELUDE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant fàrms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.


CANDELIA
PART THE FIRST

I

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!

EVANGELINE

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,

EVANGELINE

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.

HORNEILL

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard;
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness,
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples.
She too would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fire-place, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fire-side:—
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know no better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in
a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere
long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in
the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on
the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the
statute of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent
spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts
of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in
wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering
scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the
nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of
pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story
was ended, the blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fire-side,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.

Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam
of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times
a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of
clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the
room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw
serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star
follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael
wandered with Hagar.

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.

EVANGELINE

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque,*
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;

HORNBILL

Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forigve them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!' "
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar;
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.

EVANGELINE

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.

All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—

MORNELL

"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sign, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet
of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the
awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the
head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars
that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the
wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept
together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in
autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven,
and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon
mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling
huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the
roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the
ships that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments

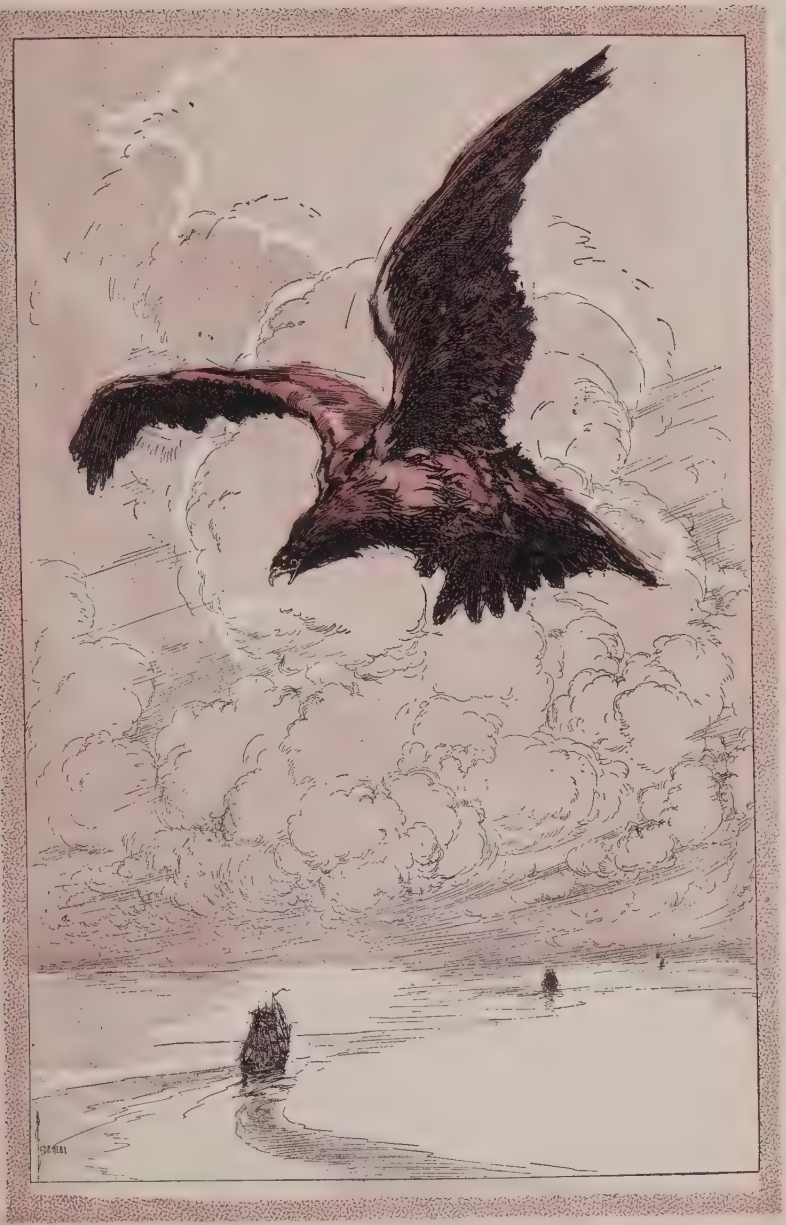
EVANGELINE

Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.



PART THE SECOND

I

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the East again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He is a voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at
intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through syl-
van glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its
continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it
reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sandbars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pedulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven.
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos;
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Teche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies
and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mock-
ing-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung
o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of
delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the
waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then
soaring to madness
Semed they to follow or guide the revel of
frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful,
low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them
abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind
through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal
shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that
throbbed with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Teche, where it
flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest
of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a
neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant
lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,

Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

EVANGELINE

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning,
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silvery locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together
in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet
Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened,
and smiled as they listened:—
"Welcome once more, my friends, who long
have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better
perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood
like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of
the farmer;
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the
soil, as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in
blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Cana-
dian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and
unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking,
and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff halfway to his nostrils;
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden-gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margins
of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite
monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for
roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystal-
line heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted
above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the
Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and
trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the
maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each
day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw,
the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant
plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found
only embers and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times
and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata
Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that re-
treated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire,
there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose
features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as
great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home
to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the
cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-
des-bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and
warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat
and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked
on the embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,

And nevermore returned, nor was seen again
by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise,
Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till
the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her
swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Moun-
tains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysteri-
our splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing
and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by,
and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely au-
dible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evan-
geline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite
terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the
nest of the swallow.

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along,—"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving about her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste
of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and
fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and
their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here,
and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet
with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the
winter—yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes
of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet
Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a
rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of
blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the
Michigan forests,

Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began
the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappoint-
ment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away
from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the
gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint
streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her
earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of
the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,

Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless
head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,
"Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far
away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the
lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catho-
lic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown
and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing
beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs
are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no
longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs
have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have
completed their journey!

EVANGELINE

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

NOTES

NOTES

Wallace Rice

The measure of "Evangeline" is an English adaptation of the heroic verse or hexameter of the Greeks and Romans. In its English form it may be briefly described as a line in which there are six strongly accented syllables at the beginning of as many poetic feet, each of which consists of either two or three syllables except the fifth, which generally has three, and the sixth, which always has two. The foot of three syllables, of which the first is accented, is called a dactyl—from a Greek word meaning a finger, which, it is well to remember, has its first joint longer and stronger than the other two. The foot of two syllables, of which the first is accented and the second is not, is called in English a trochee; taking the place in our language of the classical spondee, which had both syllables equally stressed; for the sufficient reason that, save certain compound words not at all numerous,—like "All-Saints"—there is hardly a spondaic word in English, with the exception of "amen," having an equal accent on both syllables. It may be noted that the French word "Grand-Pré," often used by the poet here for his sixth foot, is a perfect English spondee when pronounced in the French manner.

Something must be said of the cæsura, or pause, which occurs about the middle of every line, as in the classical hexameter, rightly falling within the third foot and after its accented syllable, though this admits of much latitude. A slight cæsural pause occurs whenever a word ends within a poetic foot; and there may be, and sometimes are two cæsuræ in a single verse, to be regarded in reading as more strongly marked pauses than those at the mere ending of a word.

Page 25. The first line of the poem, "This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks," by way of example, is composed of five dactyls, with a final spondee. The word "hemlocks" is a good instance of a permissible English spondaic foot, the first syllable

having its vowel prolonged both by the stress and the following m, while the numerous consonants make the second syllable long. The cæsura is in its normal place, after the word "primeval." A primeval forest means one undisturbed by the hand of man.

In the second line, "Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight," four of the feet, the first, second, fourth, and fifth, are dactyls; the third and sixth are spondees. "Garments," its first syllable both long and stressed and its second with four consonants, is a better spondee than "hemlocks"; while "twilight" has long vowels in both syllables and is a better spondee than either of the others. The cæsura here is in the fourth foot, after the word "green."

Druids were priests among the ancient Gauls of France and Britain, who also performed the duties of judges. The oak was sacred among them, and special reverence was shown the mistletoe when found growing upon it. This third verse begins with a spondee, "stand like"; followed by a dactyl, two trochees, a dactyl, and a trochee. The cæsura is in its normal place, after "eld."

Acadian is pronounced a-cay′di-an.

Page 26. Grand-Pré — pronounced somewhat as if spelled grahngd′pray′—is now known as Lower Horton, in Kings county, Nova Scotia, fifteen miles northwest of Windsor. It signifies "broad meadows."

Acadie is nearly ah′cah′dee′, the three syllables being equally stressed.

Page 29. Minas is nearly mee′nahss′.

Flood-gates, like many English words compounded of two monosyllables, is a good spondee.

Blomidon—pronounced blom′i-don—is a rocky promontory at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.

Page 30. Normandy is an ancient duchy in northern France, where the ancestors of the Acadians had lived for many centuries before their immigration.

The kirtle is a closely fitting gown for women.

"Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors"

—the last foot of this line violates, for the first time in the poem, the classical rule that the last word of the heroic line should have either two or three syllables unless a comic effect is intended.

Page 31. The Angelus Domini is a brief invocation and prayer recited in honor of the Incarnation of our Lord, consisting chiefly of texts taken from the first chapter of St. Luke, recommended to be said at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, the church bells being rung as a reminder.

Page 32. Benedict Bellefontaine equals ben'e-dict bel''on'tane'.

Evangeline was pronounced by Longfellow himself as ev-an'jel-in, all the vowels being short.

Oak-leaves, like snow-flakes in the preceding line, is a perfect English spondee.

Page 33. Hyssop is a bitter herb used by the Jews in the ceremony of purification, and here refers to the aspergil with which the Roman Catholic clergy sprinkle holy water upon their congregation at the beginning of the Mass.

Page 36. Seraglio equals se-ral'yo.

"Startled the penitent Peter"; see St. Matthew, xxvi:74.

"Happy was he who might touch," etc.; note the happy effect of alliteration—the beginning of accented syllables with the same consonant—in this line.

Page 38. Gabriel Lajeunesse equals gah'bri'el lah'juh'ness'. Basil is bah'seel': in English baz'zil.

Felician is englished in pronunciation: fe-lish'an.

Plain-song is the recitative or intoning used throughout for the prose of the more solemn ceremonials of the Roman Church, and is the foundation of all sacred music of the highest class among Christians, its origin being lost in antiquity.

Page 40. English-speaking children refer to the running of sparks through the embers as the marching of soldiers.

It is a French superstition that the swallow brings a stone from the

sea-shore to give sight to her young, the finding of which in her nest brings luck.

Page 41. Saint Eulalie's day is February 12. The word "Saint" is the English form: the French would be "Sainte." Eulalie is pronounced, nearly, uh'lah'lee'.

Page 42. The Scorpion is the sign of the zodiac through which the sun passes from mid-October to mid-November, though the events here chronicled took place in September.

". . . as Jacob of old"; see Genesis, xxxii: 24.

Page 43. Though Americans designate by Indian Summer any spell of warm weather during the autumn, especially if there be haze in the atmosphere, that coming about All-Saints Day, November 1, is especially deserving of the name. Saint Martin's Day, November 11, also gives its name to this briefly beautiful phenomenon in continental Europe.

According to Herodotus, Xerxes, while on his expedition against the Greeks, came upon a plane-tree that so accorded with his idea of loveliness that he had it adorned like a queen.

Page 47. Burgundy, an ancient duchy of France, has long been famous for its wines.

Page 48. The fact that the harvest moon comes about the time of the autumnal equinox and rises at almost the same hour for several nights running gives occasion for an old saying that this is done to give the farmer light for the late hours he has to work garnering his harvests at this time.

Page 49. The Gaspereau—pronounced gahs'peh'roh'—River empties into the Basin of Minas.

Page 50. Louisburg—loo'i-burg, half englished in pronunciation from the French Louisbourg, loo'ee'boor'—is a town on the Atlantic coast of Cape Breton—bret'on—Island. The island was secured to the French by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, and a fortress supposed impregnable was erected at enormous cost at Louisburg. Regarded as

a threat by the men of New England, it was captured by General Pepperell and troops from Massachusetts in 1745, ten years before the English ships came to Grand-Pré. Beau Séjour—the place of good sojourn, boh say′zhoor′—was a French fort on the isthmus connecting Acadia with the mainland which was taken by the English under Colonel Winslow in June, 1755. Port Royal, the name of which has been fully englished, stands on the Annapolis River on what was disputed ground. It was taken by an expedition from New England in 1710. It is now known as Annapolis.

Page 51. René Leblanc equals, nearly, reh′nay′ luh′blahngk′.

Page 52. The notary public is an officer known in many countries for the authentication of legal documents. In France he is the necessary drawer of all contracts where much money is involved.

Page 53. "Four long years in the times of the war"; the reference is probably to Queen Anne's War, 1702-1713, also known as the first French and Indian War by the colonists. The following sentence occurs in the petition sent by the Acadians to the English King after their banishment: "René Leblanc, our notary public, was actually taken prisoner by the Indians while travelling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with great difficulty, after four years' captivity." The petition may be found in full in Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia.

Page 54. The loup-garou—loo′gah′roo′—or were-wolf—weer-woolf—was a human being transformed into a wolf, with wolfly appetites but human intelligence, according to a medieval superstition. See Baring-Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.

The Létiche—lay′teesh′—is found in all accounts of Norman superstitions.

The ancient legend that the cattle in the stable at Bethlehem worshipped the Infant Saviour survives in the superstition that for an hour on Christmas Eve domestic cattle had the power of speech.

An old Norman superstition runs to the effect that a spider worn on the breast for nine days and nights will cure the fever.

Four-leaved clovers and horseshoes have been regarded as lucky at all times and places the world over.

Page 56. The tale is of medieval Florence, with an origin lost in antiquity.

Page 59. Draughts is now chiefly known as "checkers" in the United States.

Page 60. At a fixed hour in the evening pretty well throughout Christendom during the Middle Ages a bell was rung for curfew—from the French words for cover and fire—upon which fires in all households were to be seen to against the night in order to prevent destruction of life and property. Incidentally, it was used to compel the population to remain within doors, for various obvious reasons.

Page 63. "As out of Abraham's tent"; see Genesis, xxi: 14.

Page 65. "Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. . . . It was, in short, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of mankind." A Philosophical History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies, by Abbé Guillaume Raynal—ghee'yome' ray'nahl'.

Page 66. *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*—too lay boor'zhwah duh shartr—meaning "all the burghers of Chartres," is a comic song long popular in France. The first verse and chorus may be freely translated as follows:

Cybele you remember—
  The seasons hers to square;
Men called her age December,
  Yet saw her April-fair.

  Hers was divinity;
Though grandmamma they term her;
  Her eyes kept sweet, her color free,
  And always held she glamourie
As firm as Terra Firma.

Le Carillon de Dunkerque—luh cah'ree'yong' duh duen'kehrk'—was a popular air taken, like its name, from the Dunkirk chimes, and describing a wordy quarrel, somewhat thus:

Unrecking and heedless,
I will not be deedless;
By my anger's just might
You shall fall in the fight.—
Your threat I defy, sir!—
To be I! You 're not shy, sir.
Come on then, you 're slow!
You tremble!—No, no, no!
I 'm chocking with my anger.—
I laugh at all such anger.

This verse, perhaps the most difficult to scan in the poem, is made up of three trochees, two dactyls, and a spondee, the cæsura falling after the word "and," which bears the accent.

Page 73. The tocsin was a signal given in time of alarm or need, usually by bells. The word is an old French one.

Page 74. Ave Maria—ah'veh mah-ree'ah—is the name given a prayer familiar to all Christians other than Protestants from its first two words. It reads: "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed are thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

". . . like Elijah ascending to heaven;" see II Kings, iv: 11.

Page 75. Emblazoned, which means to describe or to color coats-of-arms, is here used for the Miltonic word "emblaze," to light up, illuminate. Longfellow's use of "emblazon" in this sense is entirely original with himself.

Page 76. ". . . like the Prophet descending;" see Exodus, xxxiv: 29-35.

Page 80. The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is highly

characteristic of missions conducted by the fathers of the Society of Jesus.

Page 85. "Like unto shipwrecked Paul;" see Acts, xxvii. Melita is accented on the short vowel of the first syllable.

Benedicite—bay-nay-dee'si-tay—means "bless you," in the plural.

Page 86. The hundred-handed giants, of whom Briareus—brye-ay'ri-us—is the best known, were not Titans, but their younger brothers, in the Greek mythology.

Page 87. Gleed means a live coal or ember. It was a word in good use from the beginnings of English until late in the seventeenth century, but is now found in poetry only.